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# The end of ourselves



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## Chapter 1 by John

There I stood. After having lost everything I had I didn't know what to do. I knew I couldn't call those few remaining friends I had or they would be killed as well.

I had to reach someone I could trust, and I had to be cautious. The police of political correctness will try to follow me and destroy everyone who helps me.

## Chapter 2 by Spirit



I knew that I couldn't love anyone again. That I would never forge another friendship, that I would always live under the cruel rule of the system. No one could stop them. The citizens were just vessels for work. They didn't care about what we thought. They only cared about how we acted, and if we acted wrong.

They weren't forgiving.

That was exactly why I couldn't get anyone else involved in this. If they figured out what I was doing, they would have killed anyone I loved. They would have killed anyone who had any relation to me.

However, I knew that wasn't the case. This old uniform I was wearing was just a matter of time. I had to act.

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I extracted a small, but powerful machine gun from my trench coat as I studied the giant facility.

No wonder they called me the one man army.

### Chapter 3 by ChrisAya



I brushed every last hair out of my face. I wanted them to see it, to know who's coming. As I walked through the glass door, I could hear people going silent and I smiled. Most of them didn't notice, and even if they did, they wouldn't know whose face it was they were truly looking at. But there were quite a few whom I left speechless. I knew they'd hardly expect me in place like this, even less in this manner, letting everyone see me. I could hear muffled voice slightly to my right, doubtlessly a call of helpless policeman, not knowing how to proceed. Just like every other tiny mechanical wheel of our society, he had his orders, which were simple and contained no advice on what to do if an enemy of society is spotted. While his supervisor asked for advice from his supervisor, who did just the same and started an endless cycle, I kept walking deeper into the building. I knew that if I were anyone else, I'd be dead by now, but luckily my face on which I was counting saved me.

It wasn't the perfect defense, the price of survival was high and with no guarantee of safety. It didn't stop death, it only changed the target. Since they couldn't kill me, not yet at least, the people closest to me were killed in my place. They were disposable, unknown. No one noticed a few more dead among the hundreds of traitors threatening the safety of the society. But my death, if they didn't succeed in making it believably natural, no one wanted to see how it would affect the people. I had to silently disappear, I knew. But how could I, right now for example, if dozens of people saw me walk in?

As I walked up the endless stairs, I kept meeting more and more people with every step. A few recognized me and bowed their head slightly, as it is custom for a regular person when they meet High Officer of the ministry. That was all I was to them, the police of political correctness made sure no word got out. No one wanted to know what would people do, if they knew the High Officers were fighting the society, too.

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I walked in, knowing I'd regret it, but what other choice did I have? I didn't come all this way to run away now. The man asked me to sit down and poured a glass of transparent liquor in a glass which he put in front of me, then he poured one for himself and took a sip.

"See? You can drink without fear, we'll just talk," he assured me and raised his glass. I did the same and sipped a little. The taste was strange and the man smiled.

"Thank you for making it this simple," he said, still smiling and half sat, half fell into his chair. A good soldier just like all of them. Killing himself just to kill me. I didn't understand.

"Do you realise what will happen now? Hundreds of people saw me walk in, they'll talk," I warned him, feeling weaker already. But he only smiled. A smile which told me I've made a terrible mistake.

"Oh, my dear friend, do tell me, how will they talk? How, if none of them leaves this building?"

The smile on his face only widened, when the sound of shooting came from underneath us.

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8 (1 draft)

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